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Warwick

ABELARD TO ELOISA:

AN EPISTLE.

WITH A

NEW ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES,

AND

REFERENCES

TO THEIR

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BATH: PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL.

AND SOLD BY

DILLY, WALTER, AND FAULDER, BOOKSELLERS IN LONDON. 1785.

{Entered at STATIONER'S-HALL.}

A B E L A R D

E L O I S A:

IN RESPECT

TO

WHAT A NEW ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES,

AND

A COLLECTION OF THEIR LETTERS,

IN TWO PARTS,

ORIGINAL PERFORMANCES.

PRINTED FOR R. CRUTTWELL,

AND SOLD BY

OGILVY, WALTER, AND PAULDER, BOOKSELLERS,

IN LONDON, 17[illegible].

[illegible]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal deſign of ABELARD's letters to ELOISA ſeems to have been that of INCULCATING ON HER MIND A PERFECT RESIGNATION TO THE DECREES OF PROVIDENCE. The epiſtle now before the reader, taken from the above correſpondence, is rather a new work than another edition of that printed laſt winter by the ſame author.* The ſhort narrative annexed to it, which contains all the moſt intereſting particulars of their lives, is entirely new, and has been faithfully extracted from original authorities.

BATH, Feb. 1, 1785. THO. WARWICK.

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* In quarto; with SONNETS, which will be reprinted among ſome other pieces in the ſame manner as the preſent publication.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Account of the Lives of ABELARD and ELOISA	5
EPISTLE from ABELARD to ELOISA	19
NOTES and REFERENCES	33

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

Page 15, line 5, *for* collections, *read* collection.

22, in the note, *dele* and.

23, l. 19, *f.* dare, *r.* dares.

ACCOUNT

OF THE LIVES

OF

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

ABELARD was born in the year 1079, of a noble family at Palais in Britanny, a province which then maintained its independence as a ſeparate ſovereignty from the contiguous territories of France and England. Commerce and the profeſſional arts being little known or valued, the Church and the Military were in this age the only alternatives of active genius, or neceſſitous nobility. That early propenſity to literary purſuits,

which* the philoſophic poet of antiquity ſo pointedly diſcriminates, readily induced our young adventurer to embrace the former.

The city of Paris already in poſſeſſion of its preſent relative advantages as an univerſity, and capital of a great kingdom was witneſs to the early reputation of ABELARD, as well as to the beginning of his misfortunes.——After a courſe of ſtudy there, under the firſt reputed maſters in the reigning literature of the times, his natural acuteneſs led him to obſerve their deficiencies, and his improved and extenſive genius to ſupply them; and this in ſo ſucceſsful a manner, as to be conſidered the renovator and firſt champion of the Ariſtotelian philoſophy, which has ever ſince maintained its place in the different ſchools of Europe.

After a long interval of barbariſm the mind of man had now begun to perceive that military enterprize was not the only object of its faculties. Nor was it perſonal proweſs alone that had its tournaments and adventurers, public challenges to literary diſputation were given and accepted, at which even the ladies were preſent.—ABELARD was young, eloquent, and handſome; nor is it a matter of ſurprize, (if we may judge by the rage

* Quem tu Melpomene ſemel. HOR.

of

of the preſent day for popular preaching, and the flattering attention of the ſex to the Latin ſpeeches at an Univerſity Commemoration) that thoſe over his philoſophical antagoniſts were not his only conqueſts upon thoſe occaſions. His name became faſhionable—the claims of vanity were ſatiated—and he found, however miſtaken in the means, that it was ultimately to the heart he muſt have recourſe for happineſs.

Though it cannot eaſily be ſuppoſed that a man of ABELARD's frame of mind and perſon had exceeded the age of thirty inſenſible to the attractions of the fair-ſex, yet had his ſtudies ſo far abſorbed his attention, as to yield to none hitherto but a tranſitory impreſſion. His hour was now come; and our learned profeſſor inſenſibly changed into the lover of ELOISA.

Poſſeſſed of beauty, taſte, and genius, but above all of the liberal ſentiments which attend thoſe advantages, the niece of FULBERT, Canon of the Church of Paris, appeared deſtined by nature for the miſtreſs of the accompliſhed ABELARD. She was juſt eighteen; and the credulous uncle, eager to embrace an offer made by ſo celebrated a maſter of ſuperintending her education, received him under his roof little ſuſpecting the circumſtances which the freedom of domeſtic inter-

courſe would ſoon give riſe to. Be it as it might, I would rather pauſe to pity the ſimplicity of FULBERT, than to ſuppoſe ABELARD guilty of a premeditated ſeduction.

That he was faithful to his voluntary engagements as a preceptor, the remaining letters of ELOISA give ſufficient evidence. Whether he had been leſs happy had he confined himſelf to that character the moraliſt will eaſily determine. But may not the lover heſitate, when he reads the well-known deſcription copied in ſo tender a manner from one of the letters above-mentioned?

" Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
" When love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
" My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
" Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
" Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
" Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
" Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
" And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
" From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
" Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
" Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
" Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man."

ELOISA to ABELARD.

The

The effect of ABELARD's new paſſion ſoon became viſible to his acquaintance:—His character, as a public profeſſor of philoſophy ſuffered from the neglect of his Academy in proportion to its increaſe and continuance. Some of his poetical compoſitions on the ſubject ſtole from hand to hand, and were at once the ſubjects of admiration, of ſcandal, and of envy. The various enemies his ſuperior genius had inevitably occaſioned were in a very ſhort time gratified to the utmoſt of their wiſhes.

A country-houſe of the uncle at Corbeil, in the neighbourhood of Paris, to which our lovers frequently repaired, was probably the firſt cauſe of ſuſpicion, as it was afterwards the ſcene of diſcovery. ABELARD was forbidden the houſe, and had no alternative but the taking the firſt opportunity of carrying off his miſtreſs privately. This he ſoon executed, and delivered her to the care of his ſiſter at his native place in Britanny; their parents having retired ſome time before for the remainder of their lives into ſeparate convents; a circumſtance by no means uncommon, and which, on many accounts, met with no ſmall encouragement from the churchmen of that age.

The

The ſituation of ELOISA was however ſuch that even the preſence of her female companion, and the religious habit which ſhe had put on as a diſguiſe at the time of her elopement, were inſufficient to protect her reputation; ſhe was ſoon delivered of a ſon; of whom as no mention is made in their correſpondence, it may be ſuppoſed he died an infant. Poſſibly in compliment to the favourite madneſs of the times* he is ſaid to have been named ASTROLABIUS; and ſome fictitious verſes, as addreſſed to him by his father, are now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Probably till this time the mention of marriage had never paſſed between them. It was now offered by ABELARD, and refuſed by ELOISA, either from the fear of impeding his riſing fortunes in the Church, or, if we may credit her own aſſertion, from motives ſtill more remarkable.

" How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
" Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
" Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties
" Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
" Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
" Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
" Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove,
" Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

* Aſtrology. " The

" The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
" Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
" And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
" Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
" Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
" Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all:
" Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
" No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love:
" If there be yet another name more free,
" More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!"

ELOISA to ABELARD.

On their return to Paris, which happened ſoon after, thoſe ſentiments were obliged to yield to circumſtances; a private marriage took place, in preſence of FULBERT, which to the aſtoniſhment of her acquaintance, on receiving their congratulations, was utterly diſclaimed by ELOISA.

The enraged uncle immediately inſiſted upon her quitting the man to whoſe influence he attributed this extraordinary meaſure; and upon his threatening to uſe the parental authority given him by the law, ELOISA took refuge among the ſiſterhood of Argenteuil, a convent in the vicinity of the ſuburbs to which ABELARD, under favour of the clerical habit, had acceſs at pleaſure. It was here that took place the frequent profanation of

altars,

altars, cells, and refectories, which in his hours of repentance our unhappy lover ſo pathetically complains of:——

" Heavens! from that hour what horrors have we dar'd?
" What act forborn?—what cell? what altar ſpar'd?
" In thoſe dread ſcenes whence heaven-ward anthems born
" Prolong'd the midnight, and advanc'd the morn,
" Even yet the ſhrines of virgin ſaints reprove
" The wild diſorders of unbounded love;
" While pure devotion's veſtal lamp expir'd,
" And trembling angels from their charge retir'd."

ABELARD to ELOISA.

Such was the effect of a ſuperſtitious deſpondency.—The man who had before ſtruck ſo deep a blow at the vital principles of ſocial intercourſe and private confidence laments it leſs than this imaginary ſacrilege in reſpect to the mere locality of an act which had then ceaſed to be criminal.

Scarce three years had elapſed ſince his firſt acquaintance with ELOISA. Much of diſappointment and anxiety he had already experienced from that period; but a misfortune ſtill more ſevere awaited him, and almoſt without example.

Harraſſed

Harraſſed by repeated injuries the revengeful uncle had now determined on an adequate requital; by means of two hired aſſaſſins who entered by night the apartment of ABELARD, our lover, without the loſs of life, found himſelf utterly deprived of the means of offending in that character. His misfortune ſoon reached the ears of ELOISA, and the manner in which ſhe expreſſes herſelf on the ſubject ſets her in the moſt exalted light. The ſubſequent conduct of ABELARD is liable to a very different cenſure. Tormented by the meaneſt jealouſy, he inſiſted on her for ever renouncing thoſe enjoyments he could no longer ſhare with her; and ſhe accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, took the veil in the ſame convent which had ſerved as a refuge from the fury of her uncle, and a ſanctuary to her pleaſures.

As capital puniſhments were in theſe days but rarely inflicted, FULBERT was condemned to a confiſcation of property, part of which we may reaſonably ſuppoſe devolved to the injured party, and enabled ABELARD to found a convent, which he named PARACLETE, and which afterwards ſerved as an aſylum for life to his unfortunate miſtreſs.

This Community, ſituated on the banks of the Seine, about forty leagues above Paris, is yet in exiſtence;

it has at preſent about thirty nuns under an abbeſs of illuſtrious birth and family; yet ſo ſingular is the diſtribution of fame, that an Engliſh gentlemen who made a viſit of curioſity to the ſpot about forty years ſince, declares that the ſtory of their founder and firſt abbeſs was unknown among them.

The profeſſion of ABELARD ſoon followed that of ELOISA; an impatient aggravation of misfortunes—a reſtleſſneſs of diſpoſition—appears to have marked his remaining character. His favourite books of religious controverſy condemned to flames in council—himſelf accuſed of hereſy—perſecuted, wandering, driven from the very convent he had juſt founded, he at laſt found ſhelter in his native country. The Duke of Britanny invited, received, and promoted our ſuppoſed heretic to the priory of St. Gildas, ſituate on the weſtern ſea-coaſt of the Dutchy; but where it appears from his own account, that neither his uſual ill fortune, or morbid ſenſibility, ever ceaſed to torment him.

Several attempts on his life by poiſon and aſſaſſination ſufficiently point out the rigour of his own temper, and the profligacy of his monks. He had even declined for ſome time the correſpondence of ELOISA; and it was by chance only that in the midſt of thoſe afflictions, a letter of his addreſſed

addreſſed to a friend in the neighbourhood of Paraclete, containing a lively deſcription of them, fell into her hands, and gave riſe to a ſeries of letters ſufficient in itſelf to render their names immortal.

Seven of the above collections are come down to us, the faireſt ſpecimens of cultivated genius and pure Latinity. The two laſt, from ABELARD, contain the firſt regulations, and give the moſt completely picturesque idea of the internal policy of a female convent.

The great talents and extraordinary character of ELOISA ſoon eſtabliſhed the credit of the new ſeminary; and the reſpect ſhewn her even by the enemies of ABELARD ſufficiently evinces her exemplary conduct in the charge ſhe had undertaken.

It was here at laſt that ABELARD retired; and after having had his inſtitutions confirmed, and his impeachment of hereſy taken off by the papal authority, (for he had been accuſed of denying the Trinitarian doctrine) he died on a viſit to the abbot of Cluny, in the 63d year of his age.

His remains were at the requeſt of ELOISA brought to Paraclete. She ſurvived him about twenty years, and

was interred at her death, according to their mutual wiſhes, in the ſame grave with ABELARD—the glory of her ſex, and the wonder of poſterity.

Some Latin epitaphs ſtill to be met with, the work of cotemporary writers, diſplay at once the veneration paid to their characters, and the bad taſte of the age in poetical compoſition. It will however give the reader more ſatisfaction to know that Madam DE ROCHEFAUCAULT the late abbeſs of Paraclete requeſted an inſcription from the Pariſian Academy of Belles Letters in the year 1766 for the tomb of theſe celebrated lovers, which has been ſince put up by Madam DE ROUCY her ſucceſſor, and is here ſubjoined with the annexed tranſlation:

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monaſterii
Conditor PETRUS ABELARDUS
Et Abbatiſſa prima HELOISSA.
Olim ſtudiis, amore, infauſtis nuptiis,
Et penitentia;
Nunc æternâ, ut ſperamus, felicitate conjuncti.
PETRUS ABELARDUS ob. 21 Aprilis
Anno 1142.
HELOISSA 17 Maiæ 1163.
Curis CAROLÆ DE ROUCI
Paracleti Abbatiſſæ
1779.

" Here under this ſame marble lie interred the re-
" mains of PETER ABELARD the founder, and ELOISA
" the firſt abbeſs of this monaſtery. Once united in
" their ſtudies, their genius, their loves, their unfortu-
" nate nuptials, and exemplary penitence; and now,
" we preſume to hope, in eternal felicity.

" ABELARD died April 21, A. D. 1142. ELOISA,
" May 17, 1163.

" This monument was erected by CHARLOTTE DE
" ROUCY, abbeſs of Paraclete, 1779."

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

AN EPISTLE.

YES—though the current of my tears be dry,
And harden'd grief forget the riſing ſigh;
Ev'n yet thy charms the latent wound enflame,
And paſſion throbs at ELOISA's name.

O late the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
While earthly tranſports ſwell'd the tide of life,
And ſtill in ſpite of heaven's ſevere controul
In love divine the ſiſter of my ſoul!

Reſtrain

Reſtrain thy pangs, thy fond complaints forbear;
Nor vainly ſtrive to juſtify deſpair——
Could ABELARD the fatal lines recall
That charg'd affliction's cup with deadlier gall,
That ſtep by ſtep the bleeding track review'd
Of guilt by ruthleſs deſtiny purſu'd,
Yon erring ſcroll for other eyes deſign'd
Had veil'd the weakneſs of the writer's mind.

Reverſe the ſtile, the ſpecious titles blot,
Nor mock with ill-match'd wreaths a wretch's lot;
To other palms muſt ABELARD pretend,
No more thy lord, thy guardian, or thy friend.
Call not thy guide who led thee firſt to ſhame,
Nor grace the ſpoiler with a father's name;
A brother but by mutual crimes ally'd,
And leſs a lover than a parricide!——

Remembrance trims her faded lamp anew,
And torpid nature quickens at the view;
Still o'er the croſs thy bending form I ſee,
Still hear thy lips renounce the world and me;
Again perceive my weak reſolves expire
In vain remorſe, and impotent deſire,
As when I laſt thy parting looks ſurvey'd,
And envied heaven the victim I betray'd.

And lov'ſt thou ſtill? and ſtill by tempeſts toſt
Thy toil-worn bark avoids the ſheltering coaſt?
O! could this heart by forc'd experience wiſe
Direct her paſſage to ſerener ſkies,
Teach thy frail ſex a more exalted aim,
To change an earthly for an heavenly claim!

Nor need of language could her eyes ſurvey
This alter'd form to conſtant ills a prey;
Perchance to ELOISA's ſelf unknown
Might ABELARD his preſent fate bemoan.
No longer his each early boaſt reſign'd,
The graceful perſon, or the gifted mind.
The gems of fancy cull'd in honour'd youth,
The manly trophies of ſuperior truth,
No more as once around his laurell'd head
With friendly ſtrife united glory ſhed.
Long ſince condemn'd to perſecution's fire
He ſaw the fruits of all his toils expire;
Long ſince in lonely wilds, his laſt retreat,
He fled the fair, the learned, and the great,
Where harraſs'd nature, with the world at ſtrife,
Might paſs the ling'ring dregs of loathſome life,
And ſhield beneath religion's awful name
Deſpairing love and unexampled ſhame.

Nor hard the taſk, each ſource of paſſion dead,
To fly the world that ELOISA fled.—
With lighten'd heart I bent the votive knee,
And ſought from heaven the peace I loſt in thee.
Some guardian ſpirit from the fields of day
With purer balm thy ſorrows might allay;
Some future hope this alter'd boſom warm,
And earthly grief aſſume a milder form.

And ſure if any ſcene below the ſky
Could wean the ſoul from every worldly tie,
If want of all the vacant heart admires
Could urge to nobler flights her low deſires,
The wretch who turns the wheel of hope and fear,
Might find his empty toil ſuſpended here,*
Nor farther aſk of much-offended heaven
Than ſome lone hours to weep and be forgiven.

Miſtaking man! who thinks in ſhades to find
The charms that lull the long-impaſſion'd mind;
Or dreams the cloiſter'd cell alone ſecure
From common woes that all his race endure.

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* The Abbey of St. Gildas in Britanny, and from whence the letters of ABELARD are written.

Ye naked hills, unbleſs'd by nature's care!
Ye vales, unconſcious of the labouring ſhare,
Stretch'd many a league, whence iſſuing to the day
The ſhaggy tenant ſeeks a diſtant prey!
Unſightly cliffs, within whoſe cavern'd ſides
Her talon'd young the ſcreaming vulture hides!
Ye ſeas, that round yon rocky-cinctur'd tower
With ſleepleſs fury vex the midnight hour!
In your deſpite an abſent world retains
Her joyleſs ſlaves in ſublunary chains,
Or groſs debauch, and ſullen ſloth combine,
To check remorſe, and quench the ray divine.
For as the maniac, in his ſordid cell,
Will oft on fancy'd thrones and ſceptres dwell;
So theſe ſad exiles from the ſocial kind
As falſely rate the toys they left behind.

In vain remonſtrance lends her feeble aid,
They ſcorn the doctrine, and the guide upbraid.
"And dare that hand aſſume the paſtor's rod?
"Behold the frontleſs delegate of God!
"In other climes thy forward zeal be ſhown,
"And preach where ABELARD is yet unknown;
"Or baniſh'd hence to Paraclete remove,
"Where maids may melt, and heretics approve."

While keener ſome the venom'd ſhaft inflame,
And point reproach with ELOISA's name.

Wild at the ſound to ſolitude I fly,
And meet the form familiar to my eye:——
She comes refulgent in her former charms!
The ſpouſe of heaven is render'd to my arms!
Her voice I hear, on ABELARD ſhe calls,
And waves to Paraclete's neglected walls.
Yet, O forbear! thoſe fatal ſmiles conceal,
And not the woman, but the ſaint reveal;
The claſping hands, the ſcatter'd locks, diſplay,
And ſtreaming tears by angels wip'd away;
The head that bows to mercy's awful ſhrine,
The glance that melts with charity divine,
The grateful burſt of penitence forgiven,
And aſpect radiant with the beams of heaven!

Nor this alone—ſuperior duties claim
Heaven's aweful ſpouſe, a mother's ſacred name,
Shall earthly parents with preventive fear
Bend o'er the babe that carnal ties endear,
And ſhe alone ſelected from the reſt
To ſoothe with pious hopes the ſinner's breaſt,
Neglect the taſk by providence aſſign'd,
And leave the children of her ſoul behind?

Even now, methinks, thy veſtal-charge I ſee,
Diſſolv'd in kindred tranſports caught from thee,
With clearer anthems hail the Saviour's throne,
And pant for grace with ardours not their own.
That where ſecluded nature loves to pour
The limpid wave beſide the myrtle bower
The riſing walls of Paraclete may ſhow
That heavenly comfort deigns to dwell below;
And oft while Heſper leads the ſtarry throng
Æthereal harps the cloſing ſtrain prolong.

From ſcenes like thoſe when ELOISA's ſoul
Aſpires in holy trance beyond the pole,
When every mortal care is lull'd to reſt,
And heaven-plum'd hope expatiates with the bleſt,
Say, wilt thou ſhut for ever from thy ſight
Whoſe preſence might alloy the pure delight;
Nor lift one hallow'd ſigh, one friendly prayer,
One tender wiſh to meet thy lover there?

And ſure when hope with infant hold prepar'd
To ſtay the morn of bliſs we fondly ſhar'd,
Even reaſon's ſelf could ſcarcely find to blame,
So guiltleſs ſeem'd the involuntary flame.
Ingenuous arts the tempting hour beguil'd,
Conſenting taſte, indulgent fancy ſmil'd;

Severer

Severer ſcience join'd the blooming train,
And virtue paus'd at love's enchanting ſtrain.

Alas! that letter'd eaſe, by heaven deſign'd
The pureſt inmate of the feeling mind,
The faireſt gift that nature can beſtow,
Should prompt the breaſt with guilty fires to glow!

Untouch'd, unſway'd by fortune's baſe controul,
I prais'd not empty form without a ſoul;
Fair as thou wert, with more than beauty bright
Thy mental charms diffus'd a ſtronger light.
And well thou know'ſt when abſent and alone
In gentle verſe I made my wiſhes known,
Content to pleaſe, not emulous to ſhine
The careleſs numbers flow'd from rapture's ſhrine,
Nor once deſcended to the flatterer's part,
Anxious to gain but not corrupt the heart.
Yet haply thoſe, condemn'd to laſting fame,
In future times ſhall fan the dangerous flame;
To ſure deſtruction's ſilken ſnares engage
The deſtin'd victims of a diſtant age;
With cruel mirth the ſcorner's tale prolong,
And lend new licence to the drunkard's ſong.

O trea-

O treacherous moment, ſhort, and inſecure!
O reign of bliſs, too powerful to endure!
When firſt we felt from infant years untry'd
Thro' every nerve the ſtings of tranſport glide——
No more with melting ſounds divinely clear
Thoſe roſeate lips muſt charm thy lover's ear——
That open front of animated ſnow,
Thoſe auburn ringlets taught by love to flow,
The graceful act, in native virtue free,
Deſpoil'd in youth's unguarded hour by me——
The upbraiding bluſh—the kind relenting eye
That ſummon'd nature to returning joy——
The faith which proffer'd crowns had vainly try'd,
And ſcarce can heaven with ABELARD divide,
For ever loſt—nor can the world reſtore
Thoſe flattering ſcenes that hope ſhall gild no more.

Too ſoon philoſophy reſign'd her throne,
And left the tyrant love to reign alone.
To vacant ſhelves the Stagirite return'd,
And bluſhing ſenſe the page of Plato ſpurn'd;
Unpriz'd alike the tablets that inſhrine
The ſimpler eloquence of truth divine.

Nor fear'd licentious fancy to employ
The myſtic ſanction for unholy joy;

Heavens!

Heavens! from that hour what horrors have we dar'd!
What act forborne!—what cell! what altar ſpar'd!
In thoſe dread ſcenes whence heav'n-ward anthems born,
Prolong'd the midnight, and advanc'd the morn,
Even yet the ſhrines of virgin-ſaints reprove
The wild diſorders of unbounded love,
While pure devotion's veſtal lamp expir'd
And trembling angels from their charge retir'd.

Fierce in their ſtead the fiend of paſſion came
With thorns of anguiſh bound, and weeds of ſhame;
The ceaſeleſs rack of unallay'd deſires,
And diſappointment ſcorch'd with inward fires;
Inglorious luſt, to nobler feelings dead,
And vigour ſunk in ſloth's unmanly bed;
Remorſe that ſtains with blood the fruitleſs tear,
The veil remov'd—and vengeance in the rear.

Then periſh'd hope, and from that baneful hour,
Diſclaim'd by nature, I renounce her power;
Nor find my wayward thoughts at random driven,
Repoſe on earth, or confidence in heaven!

Why was I born——Preſumptuous mortal ſtay!
Embrace thy lot—to ſuffer and obey.

Debarr'd

Debarr'd the joys of life's contracted ſpan,
The ſtain of manhood, and the ſcorn of man,
In grateful ſilence bleſs the avenging rod,
That wean'd from ſenſe reſtores thee to thy God.
And wouldſt thou check the ſelf-deſcending gueſt,
And quench repentance in the ſinner's breaſt;
The vaniſh'd ſcenes of guilty love recall,
And bid once more thine ELOISA fall?

To me, juſt heaven! the lifted bolt confine—
As mine the fault, the puniſhment be mine!
By me to guilt, by me to ſhame betray'd,
The virgin-heart of ELOISA ſtray'd;
Augment the pang that never felt a pauſe,
If what I feel may plead her dearer cauſe!

Far other ſacrifice our ſin requires;
And lo! a Saviour bleeds, a God expires;
The man divine in faith's pure mirror ſee,
And meditate the wounds that ſtream'd for thee,
Till truth's extended arm the clouds remove,
That veil the day-ſtar of REDEEMING LOVE.

O welcome ſhowers! that lend a late relief,
Whoſe balm allays the bitterneſs of grief!

The ſocial tear does ELOISA join?
And heaves her heart in ſympathy to mine?
Congenial woes might equal meaſure keep,
And one ſad hour behold us kneel and weep.
Oft heavenly juſtice ſolves the brow ſevere,
And mercy lightens on a female tear,
Extends the boon to ſtubborn man deny'd,
And yields to weakneſs what it holds from pride.

Nor this at leaſt the world-abjuring vow,
Nor zeal of pureſt temper diſallow,
That ere the fate, which mark'd our early doom,
Unbar with ling'ring ſtep the friendly tomb,
The pallid cheek of ABELARD may reſt
A moment's ſpace on ELOISA's breaſt,
The common miſchiefs of his life repair,
And paint in death the fruits of earthly care.

If yet this wretched frame ſurvive to feel
The ſecret poiſon, or the aſſaſſin's ſteel;
If guilt muſt act what vengeance hath decreed,
And thoſe polluted walls atteſt the deed,
O come with ſpeaking looks, and ſuppliant ſtrains,
And beg thy murder'd lover's laſt remains!
If hard injurious men thy tears deride,
And even the breathleſs carcaſs be deny'd,

In

In decent grief to Paraclete return,
There frame the dirge, and rear the vacant urn;
And ſtill before the matin-hymn reſound,
There weep, and call thy weeping ſiſters round;
And ever when the convent's lonely bell
Pervades with hollow ſtroke the midnight cell,
Let filial duty ſpeed the tender prayer,
That aſks of heaven your founder's ſoul to ſpare.

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

PAGE 6. LINE 4.

PARIS appears to have acquired its firſt celebrity as a city about the year 360, from being the favourite reſidence of JULIAN before his inveſtiture as Emperor. WILLIAM DE CHAMPEAUX, the maſter and afterwards the antagoniſt of ABELARD, about the year 1100, was the firſt that extended the limits of the univerſity toward the gate called after the celebrated ST. BERNARD, whom we ſhall have occaſion to mention.

PAGE 6. LINE 21.

"Quis te, rogo, in publicum procedentem conſpicere "non feſtinabat, ac diſcedentem collo erecto, oculis di- "rectis non inſectabatur? Quæ conjugata, quæ virgo non "concupiſcebat abſentem, & non exardebat in præſentem?"

HELOISSÆ Epiſt. 1.

PAGE 8. LINE 4.

Beſides the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, in the higheſt perfection, her acquirements in the philoſophy and theology of the times were univerſally acknowledged. The reader of the preſent age will probably rate the elegance of her ſtyle, and the dignity of her ſentiments, much above her progreſs in thoſe abſtracted and ingenious ſubtilties.

PAGE 9. LINE 5.

With the poetical compoſitions of ABELARD we are unacquainted—it ſuffices, that one of the moſt celebrated compoſitions of that time (THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE) has been attributed to him as the author. As all the languages of Europe were yet unformed, the loſs of them may be more regretted by the antiquarians than by any other claſs of readers. What the ſubject of them was, ELOISA herſelf mentions:

"Et

" Et cùm horum pars maxima carminum noſtros decan-
" taret amores, multis me regionibus brevi tempore enun-
" ciavit, & multarum in me fœminarum accendit invidiam."

HELOISSÆ Ep. 1.

PAGE 10. LINE 17.

" Et ſi uxoris nomen ſanctius ac validius videtur, dulcius
" mihi ſemper extitit amicæ vocabulum."

HELOISSÆ Ep. 1.

PAGE 11. LINE ULT.

" Noſti poſt noſtri confœderationem conjugii, cùm
" Aregenteoli cum Sanctimonialibus in clauſtro converſa-
" baris, me die quâdam privatim ad te viſitandam veniſſe,
" & quid ibi tecum meæ libidinis egerit intemperantia in
" quâdam etiam parte ipſius refectorii, cùm quò alias di-
" verteremus non haberemus. Noſti, inquam, id impu-
" dentiſſimè tunc actum eſſe in tam reverendo loco & ſummæ
" Virgini conſecrato."

ABÆLARDI Ep. 4.

PAGE 13. LINE 8.

" Nihil unquam, Deus ſcit, in te niſi te requiſivi—te
" PURE, non tua, concupiſcens."

HELOISSÆ Ep. 1.

PAGE

PAGE 14. LINE 3.

See "Bagatelles Poetiques," printed for Dodsley, 12mo.

PAGE 14. LINE 21.

"Missam ad amicum pro consolatione epistolam, dilec-
"tissime, vestram ad me fortè quidam nuper attulit.——

* * * * * *
* * * * *

"Quorum quidem suggestionibus quid de glorioso illo the-
"ologiæ tuo opere, quid de te ipso quasi in carcere damnato
"actum sit non prætermisisti. Indè ad abbatis tui fratrum-
"que falsorum machinationem accessisti, & detractiones
"illas tibi gravissimas, duorum illorum pseudo-apostolo-
"rum à prædictis æmulis in te commotas, atque ad scan-
"dalum plerisque subortum de nomine Paracleti oratorio
"præter consuetudinem impòsito: denique ad intolera-
"biles illas & adhuc continuas vitæ persecutiones, crude-
"lissimi scilicet illius exactoris, et pessimorum, quos filios
"nominas, monachorum profectus miserabilem historiam
"consummâsti."

HELOISSÆ Ep. 1.

PAGE

PAGE 15. LINE 13.

The principal enemy and perſecutor of ABELARD appeare to have been St. BERNARD. His character (ſome allowances made) is probably not ill-deſigned by one who was no friend to any of his deſcription;

"——— ambitieux reclus,
"Precheur adroit, fabricateur d'oracles."

VOLTAIRE.

As it is not my wiſh to multiply quotations, I ſhall content myſelf with referring the learned reader to the original Latin letters (of which we have as yet no tranſlation, for that of Mr. HUGHES, from the French paraphraſe, cannot be conſidered as ſuch) from whence the preſent epiſtle, and that of Mr. POPE are almoſt wholly taken. The various beauties of their compoſition—the light they throw upon the manners of their age—the moral inſtructions they preſent him with—will hold me juſtified in aſſerting, that they will amply repay the time and trouble of an accurate and diligent peruſal. The pathetic concluſion of ABELARD's firſt letter I cannot withhold from the temptation of tranſcribing:

" Quòd ſi me Dominus in manibus inimicorum tradi-
" derit, ſcilicet ut ipſi prævalentes me interficiant, aut
" quocunque caſu viam univerſæ carnis abſens à vobis in-
" grediar: cadaver, obſecro, noſtrum ubicunque vel ſe-
" pultum, vel expoſitum jacuerit, ad cœmeterium veſtrum
" deferri faciatis, ubi filiæ noſtræ, imò in Chriſto ſo-
" rores, ſepulcrum noſtrum ſæpiùs videntes, ad preces pro
" me Domino fundendas ampliùs invitentur. Nullum
" quippè locum animæ dolenti de peccatorum ſuorum deſo-
" latæ tutiorem ac ſalubriorem arbitror, quàm eum qui vero
" Paracleto, id eſt conſolatori propriè conſecratus eſt, & de
" ejus nomine ſpecialiter inſignitus.——

* * * * *
* * * *

" Illud autem demùm ſuper omnia poſtulo, ut quæ nunc
" de corporis mei periculo nimiâ ſollicitudine laboratis,
" tunc præcipuè de ſalute animæ ſollicitæ, quantùm dilex-
" eritis vivum exhibeatis defuncto, orationum videlicet
" veſtrarum ſpeciali quodam & proprio ſuffragio.

" Vive, vale! vivantque tuæ, valeantque ſorores!
" Vivite! ſed Chriſto, quæſo, mei memores!"

ABÆLARDI Ep. 1.

THE END.

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